

LIVING AMONG
BIGFOOT
THE WILD ONES

Tom Lyons

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A true story by
Tom Lyons

LIVING AMONG BIGFOOT: THE WILD ONES, SECOND EDITION

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Acknowledgments

It's certainly not easy for someone to discuss their encounter with the creature we know as 'Bigfoot.' I want to thank the many good people who made me feel my story matters. And thank you to those who found the courage to share their experiences.

I dedicate this book to my loyal family and friends, as well as the believers, the *knowers*, and everyone who pushes for mainstream science to acknowledge these mysterious, elusive beings.

Important Note

This book is the 2nd book in the *Living Among Bigfoot* series. I recommend you complete *Living Among Bigfoot: First Contact* before you begin this book. Get it [HERE](#) for FREE!



Contents

[Introduction](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Conclusion](#)

[Author's Note](#)

[Mailing List Sign-Up Form](#)

[Social Media](#)

[About the Author](#)

Introduction



Most humans readily accept everything they can interpret but overlook the things that fail to correspond with established concepts. This trend is especially prevalent in the United States and other countries that have adopted Western culture and ethics.

Science discovers new species daily, most of which have existed under our noses since humans first roamed the Earth. This statistic pertains to both land *and* sea creatures. Is it so hard to believe that a hominid species—equipped with intelligence and survival skills beyond our comprehension—could live undetected by humans until now?

Many people, especially those living in sparsely populated environments, insist there is far more to this world than science publicly declares. It is convenient for those interested in disproving the species' existence that many encounters are reported by people they deem undereducated. That isn't to say that these people aren't telling the truth; it's to emphasize that their lower socioeconomic status gets exploited to discredit their reported encounters. For example, you may or may not have known that a past United States President believed the creatures are real. If you were unaware of this, I urge you to research who I am referring to.

I'm about to share with you the continuation of my frightening encounter with the species commonly referred to as sasquatch or Bigfoot. I do not believe that every one of these hominids is malicious; however, I think a substantial percentage of the creatures should be feared and avoided at all costs.

Understandably, the subject of sasquatch is frequently debated, so I will not be surprised if people don't see this issue the same way I do; I would almost find it unnerving if everyone agreed with my depiction. Anyone who investigates the topic will eventually realize countless people are striving to disprove the findings and theories of others.

As a reminder from the previous volume, all referenced names are aliases created to protect the privacy of the involved individuals.

-Tom

Chapter 1



Time seemed to slow down. Countless thoughts and emotions surge when facing a fight-or-flight scenario. It's as if the brain automatically analyzes every step leading up to that point while simultaneously struggling to find a solution. You are suddenly overwhelmed by regrets and an appreciation for everything you have been lucky enough to enjoy. Then comes the moment where you must decide between contentment in recognizing the end or attempting to reinvent your fate.

I could feel the thick, stale breath brush over the top of my head, confirming that I was in the presence of a tall, bipedal creature. With my arms hanging at my sides, my right index finger hesitated on the pistol's trigger. A drop of sweat slid from my armpit to my palm. It was apparent that if I was going to squeeze that trigger, it had to be an accurate shot, as the chance of a second shot was slim to none.

While remaining completely still, I looked down to the right and caught sight of a massive, dirty foot covering a significant portion of the floor. That was when I realized that the beast did indeed have five digits. However, the smallest toe crossed over the one next to it. That must've been why the tracks next to my driveway gave the illusion of only four toes.

I took a deep breath. I swiftly aimed the pistol toward that massive foot and fired. The most horrific scream instantly pierced my eardrums. I threw my hands over my ears and staggered into the bathroom, feeling disoriented from the frequency. Fortunately, the room contained a wide window frame I could fit through.

The home shook as the creature thrashed around, sending bookshelves crashing to the ground with one loud thud after another. After frantically lifting the window as high as possible, I popped out the screen and clumsily tossed myself through. I landed feet-first on the leaf-covered hillside and immediately felt the steep curvature as I rapidly descended into the dark forest below. The sharp angle of the bank made it far too challenging for me to move in any direction other than down. I struggled to stay on my feet as I

hurtled through the brush.

Frantic yelps projected from above. The disconcerting sound of a shattering window caused me to lose my footing, and I was tossed head-first through thorny scrub to the bottom of the hill. While lying on the forest floor, I ceased all movement, listening for any indication of where the creature might be. Aside from the slight summer breeze, the familiar sounds of the wild seemed muted.

Having never ventured down there, I was perplexed about which direction would provide the best chance of escape. If I had my cell phone on me, I might've called the police without disclosing the full details of the incident. I probably would've blamed it on a mountain lion so the operator would take me seriously.

You might wonder why I was so frightened, given I had my gun in hand. The creature's size made me question whether the tiny hunk of metal could deliver a fatal blow. I scanned the foreground while keeping quiet. I looked for any naturally paved routes that an average man could navigate. Fortunately, the moon was bright enough to expose the silhouette of my house sitting atop the hill.

I couldn't hear any sounds hinting toward the beast's whereabouts. Chills ran down my spine as I considered the creature's slyness during my previous encounters. It was clear that with each passing second, the probability of survival dwindled. The only notion that comforted me was that I had injured its foot. Maybe that had bought me some time.

It was apparent that this entity was more intelligent than other animals because it did whatever it could to suppress its pain from the gunshot wound. It must've recognized that if it wanted to surprise its "prey," it needed to move quietly.

The only remotely plausible option I could think of regarding my escape was to head for the only other nearby house—the one visible across the valley from my property. Although my position made it impossible to see the building from where I stood, I had spent enough time peering across the thicket from my balcony to know roughly where the cabin lay. After counting to three in my head, I made a break for it.

Chapter 2



I rushed into the darkness ahead without knowing how treacherous the terrain could get. While using my bare forearms to shield my eyes, my adrenaline surged as I endured one scrape after another. The stomping of boots and the snapping of branches were the only sounds around, which falsely gave me the sense I was the only living thing for miles. After what seemed like an eternity of reverberating stomping and snapping, I realized I had no idea how far away the unvisited cabin was. I would've estimated the distance to be about a mile, two at the most. Even if I managed to make it there untouched, would the owner welcome me in? Maybe it was all locked up, or worse, unoccupied. I had to force my mind to stop racing and imagining the worst-case scenarios.

After wading through multiple streams and climbing over a few large boulders, I knew I must be getting close. I momentarily stopped to catch my breath. That's when I heard it for the first time: it sounded like a tree was repeatedly struck by a large stone—a similar noise to that of a woodpecker, only it was much louder.

I looked in the direction that I thought the sound had come from. It was quite an eerie sound, especially when no other noises could be heard. The environment was dead silent. Suddenly, more tree knocks came from an entirely different direction.

It couldn't have been more apparent that I was out of my element. I felt like I was treading in open water while a giant shark circled below. With my heart racing faster than ever, I raised the pistol and began backing away slowly. Commotion from high up in the trees started to shake the forest with a rumbling that I could only describe as a stampede in the sky.

I frantically pointed my gun in multiple directions, scanning the treetops to get a good look at the culprit. The sound of something maneuvering along the flaking bark caused me to shift my aim back to ground level. My sweat-drenched and torn-up arms trembled in anticipation of the explosive hit I was sure would come at any second. Out of desperation to survive, I readied myself to empty every last bit of ammunition in hopes of striking a target. That was

when the lights came on.

Chapter 3



My eyes instantly burned as a high-powered, strobing luminescence bathed the woodland in a flash of white light. Forced to shut my eyes, I stood still and listened to the awful sound. What I can only describe as the wail of a woman in pain echoed throughout the forest.

The vibrations on the forest floor subsided, signaling the colossal predator's retreat. However, before I could get my bearings, I was startled by the sensation of an arm embracing my upper torso and pulling. I violently squirmed, unaware of what had taken hold of me. My fists were flying until I finally broke free from its grasp. I bolted in the opposite direction, afraid of what I may see if I turned around.

"It's safe in here," a man suddenly called out.

I skidded to a halt and swiveled around. At that point, my eyes were still closed against the harsh lights, so I took a deep breath and opened them wide enough to squint. A man stood before me. He wore denim pants, a brown jacket, and a pair of technical-looking shades designed to withstand the blinding light. He frantically motioned me toward him. Then, I caught sight of the house that was maybe a hundred feet behind him. I recognized the chimney and felt immediate relief. I had made it.

I darted toward the mystery man, and together we sprinted for the cabin. Ear-piercing screams and deafening roars emanated from the area beyond the reach of the light. Doing what I could to continue shielding my eyes from any lasting damage, I relied on the sound of the man's footsteps to navigate me to safety. The sound of a door opening and closing behind me was music to my ears.

A younger, thirty-something-year-old lady with an Australian accent greeted me as I tried to catch my breath. The man focused on a panel on the wall, where he appeared to disarm what looked like a security system. All the lights inside were dimmed. After the overwhelming luminescence I had just endured, the dimness gave my eyes a much-needed break.

The woman brought me a glass of water before asking where my

camp was. I suppose she assumed the chance of running into another person out there who wasn't camping or hiking was incredibly slim. After wiping my forehead and gaining my composure, I introduced myself to them, explaining that I had recently moved somewhat nearby and meant to come by and introduce myself. To honor their privacy throughout this book, I will provide them with the aliases of Ted and Jill.

Ted appeared in his thirties. He was a moderately burly, bearded outdoorsman who sounded like he must be from the States. I found the brief introduction somewhat humorous because the pair seemed accustomed to the situation that had just transpired.

As you might have guessed, I quickly questioned them about what chased me out there. For whatever reason, I thought it would be beneficial to hear an explanation from potential experts before I share what I had read on many unofficial websites. Considering all the research I had invested much time into over the previous week, they confirmed my hunch was correct. The species was known as *sasquatch*, or, as Ted and Jill like to refer to them—the *wild ones*.

Chapter 4



Many researchers believe the species has been on Earth longer than humans and are efficient in evading detection and capture. A common theory is that these creatures are a missing link between humans and the documented apes we see today. This notion is supported by the many human-like traits that witnesses insist they have observed in the creatures. Like many known animals, “the wild ones” follow migration patterns, primarily to stay near their preferred food source. They are omnivorous and follow a diet resembling a Grizzly Bear’s. In other words, they’re an opportunistic species. Their size and strength make them a potential menace to unsuspecting humans, for they have ransacked people’s homes.

It turns out that adult females can range in height between six and a half feet to eight feet tall, with an estimated weight of anywhere from four-hundred to six-hundred pounds. However, adult males can range from seven and a half feet tall up to twelve feet and weigh between five-hundred and one-thousand pounds. Much like the publicly-acknowledged apes, the size of the males drastically varies depending on their status within the shrewdness.

After handing me a warm washcloth, rubbing alcohol, and a box of bandages for my arm, Ted told me about what had just occurred outside. He believed the beast had identified me as a potential meal. The species is excellent at mimicking everyday noises, which they imitate to lure prey. This information helped shed some light on why I got tricked into believing a lost child was crying outside my window. That was nothing more than a clever tactic to get me into a vulnerable position. I couldn’t help but shiver as I pondered the remarkable intelligence.

Ted’s property featured a collection of strategically-positioned trail cameras. Unsurprisingly, the creatures are very good at avoiding these devices. However, while the cameras habitually deliver fruitless footage, hidden sound recorders are sporadically placed throughout the area and routinely capture riveting audio. Ted and Jill attempted to follow their nocturnal schedules to the best of their abilities, which was necessary for their data collection

work.

Given what evidence they have so far, there is a strong indication that the creatures commonly use the tree knocks for hunting. It sounds like three (or sometimes four) animals work together to form a perimeter around the prey. The sounds of the knocks disorient the target and make it difficult for them to pinpoint where the threat is coming from. The knocks also help the predators to know where the others are, making it easier for the hunting group to close in on the panicked target.

The three of us agreed that the elusive species' presence conjures an eerie and almost paranormal feeling. Ted and Jill believe it must have something to do with being in proximity to apex predators.

Despite the considerable distance between my house and theirs, Ted and Jill's audio recorders picked up the sound of my gunshot, which alerted them someone likely needed help. I discovered that I had been dazed outside by super-powered, high-beam lights that Ted had purchased on the black market and installed himself. Clearly, the creature was sensitive to this kind of bright light. The couple was unsure why exactly they were so opposed to it, but their theory was that the quick transition from dark to light was too drastic for their retinas. I could also attest that that was a fact as I blindly staggered around the front yard. They credited the lights for their safety and said their house had rarely been approached following the installation.

They further elaborated that they had chosen to live in that remote area because it enabled them to study the species firsthand. Considering the creepy and dangerous interactions I had already had with the creatures, it was difficult to fathom how anyone could want to be near them.

They had been forced to keep their work a secret from the public. That was when I learned that our government and numerous others don't want this species on public record. While Ted and Jill weren't sure of the reasons for the ongoing coverup, they discussed how multiple corporations could hypothetically fear the potential negative impact on their respective industries.

For example, national park visitation gained a whopping \$32 billion for the U.S. government in 2015 alone. If the public discovered that the intelligent creatures were residing within or near those areas, it could devastate the nation's economy. There would be a demand for legislation to protect the species. Also, many

campers and hikers who had previously been happily ignorant would suddenly become too frightened to venture outside. If you search public records, you might be astonished to discover the numerous people that go missing in the woods yearly. Although there are several possible reasons for these disappearances, the terrifying and menacing creature I saw in the woods that night must account for some of them.

Many reports have also stated that the species is attracted to human children. The reasons for this are still debated. Interestingly, it has become a somewhat common strategy for researchers to lure in the mysterious hominids using amplified recordings of crying children. If the public knew that, I suspect few families would want to take their infants near the wilderness. If you do your research, you'll see that many children have reported seeing "tall monkeys" or "giant, hairy men" after straying from their folks in the wild.

Reflecting on what I've dealt with, I think they'd be enticed by children simply because they're an easy snack. However, Ted and Jill said that, just like humans, the creatures display a wide array of temperaments, and as such, it would be unfair to characterize all of them as mindless killing machines. They hypothesized I must've done something that ticked off that particular creature.

I had read numerous accounts supporting this opinion, but I couldn't think of what could've offended the creature before the gunshot. I never expected to be forced to use a firearm for defense. I had purchased the thing solely to scare off potential trespassers. I don't doubt I would've been torn limb from limb within the confines of my own home had I not pulled that trigger.

As I sat at the table sipping from a glass of water, I caught sight of a somewhat familiar object—a worn straw hat hung from a hook near the front door. It immediately reminded me of the hat I had seen that mysterious woman wearing a few days earlier.

Chapter 5



The image of that lady scattering food scraps on the ground while the creature circled the area was an ominous sight. I hoped to coax my new friends into revealing the identity of the woman I had spotted at the abandoned property by mentioning the straw hat.

Although I felt slightly embarrassed about trespassing, I casually asked Ted and Jill if they ever hand-fed the creatures to foster a sense of trust. Ted shook his head, suggesting that would be one of the most irresponsible things a researcher could do. As with many animals, encouraging them to depend on humans for nourishment is never good. Jill chimed in, adding that they always take precautions to maintain a distance of at least one-hundred and fifty feet when observing the species.

I held my tongue and didn't reveal I had seen Jill hand-feeding the beast. Firstly, it would have been impolite, and secondly, I was trying to express gratitude for them having essentially saved my life. These folks had just welcomed me into their home, and I wasn't about to make them regret their decision.

After handing me the Tylenol, Jill directed me to a spare bedroom to recuperate following the chase. After settling in, I lay on the bed and pondered what had happened. I think I was likely still in shock and tried to focus on my next steps. My mind wandered from planning what I would do the next morning, and I looked around the interior.

The room was quite bare. Thick, dark curtains covered the windows, and there were few objects to add to the room's aesthetic appeal. A dusty blanket was spread out atop a foldout sofa, which hinted the couple rarely had houseguests. I noticed the smooth concrete floor extended throughout, giving the environment a sterile, easy-to-clean, minimalist feel. I switched off a small nightlight, finally permitting my aching body to rest.

I woke up from one nightmare after another until I eventually slipped into a mediocre sleep a few hours before dawn. Noises from the outdoors permeated my consciousness through an unpleasant dream state. Finally, I was lulled back to reality by a faint exchange

between Ted and Jill emanating from the other room.

Sunlight glistened through the edges of the thick curtain. My stiff muscles encouraged me to continue to lie still as I again pondered what my next move should be. I realized that, above all else, I was incredibly reluctant to head straight home. If what Ted had said was true, and these creatures tend to hold grudges, it seemed unwise to turn up at the newly windowless house so soon after the chaos of the night before. After concluding that I had no logical plan but to rely on the advice of the others, I scraped my aching body from the sofa before heading back into the main living area.

Jill greeted me, shifting her gaze from a laptop at the kitchen table. She jumped up to pour a cup of coffee and immediately handed it to me with a warm smile before returning to her seat. Ted was lying on the couch, passed out, with an opened book atop his chest. After again thanking Jill for their help, I explained how I had gotten entangled in the frightening mess. I told her about the chicken coop incident and the bipedal footsteps I had heard on my roof. I elaborated on how this mind-boggling phenomenon had evolved into somewhat of an obsession, which had caused me to neglect my work obligations. I added that it had even led me to distrust society. The public consensus had deemed the creature a “myth,” and yet I knew it existed as I had experienced it in the flesh.

She assured me that the feeling towards society is typical following a sasquatch encounter. Many described it as an information overload, which caused the brain to question everything it has learned since birth. Furthermore, she suggested that although you never quite get over the revelation, you eventually get used to it.

“It’ll just take some time,” she said. I had already read similar advice online, but hearing it in person was different. Hearing it from someone who has witnessed the same creature within the same location was surreal. It was refreshing.

Jill couldn’t understand why the creature had pursued me before suffering the bullet wound. We were both bewildered. Ted awoke to his own startling snore and glanced at the two of us. He got up from the couch to fetch himself a cup of coffee.

“Sleep all right?” he asked through a muffled yawn as he joined us at the table. I said I hadn’t slept well but blamed my tossing and

turning on the soreness of my body rather than the fear and anxiety that had gripped me.

It was clear that they were both so accustomed to living near the creatures that they no longer dwelled on the fact that they were perpetually in danger. Anyone who spends their days examining unpredictable animals, such as chimpanzees, hippos, and lions, could also probably relate. It was comforting to see people so casually conversing about this secretive species. However, that feeling of comfort was quickly overridden by what I knew of their intelligence and almost sadistic behavior. I briefly entertained the idea that I could be overreacting, but I couldn't help but sense that the creature toyed with me.

I shuffled the seat from under me and thanked them for their hospitality when Ted interrupted. He warned me against heading home so soon, claiming there was a good chance of an ambush waiting for me. That possibility frightened me, but I was trying to be polite by not overstaying my welcome. I was grateful when Ted presented an alternative.

He tossed me a cold bottle of water from the fridge and recommended I join him on a hike. He claimed to know of an elevated location where we could likely get an unobstructed view of my cottage through his binoculars. That would help us determine whether it was safe for me to return to gather a few belongings. Then I could figure out how to fix the window and reinforce the house.

Jill agreed that she'd stay behind and survey the audio recorders for any danger heading our direction. How they approached this scenario reminded me of how Steve Irwin dealt with the wild. I could sense that I was among trained professionals. However, as I thought about Steve Irwin, I couldn't help but remember that he eventually met his demise at the hands of a creature he spent his lifetime trying to understand and protect.

We tested a couple of walkie-talkies before heading out the side door.

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Chapter 6



We embarked on our trek later that morning. I was somewhat embarrassed by how much I stank. I hadn't showered in quite a few days. It made me a bit nervous that predators could easily track my lingering body odor. Neither Ted nor Jill mentioned my stench, so I did my best to disregard paranoia.

The sun was shining, and the birds were chirping. It was remarkable how comforting the sounds of the wildlife had become to me. The sunlit environment felt different than it had the previous night. It couldn't have been more evident that I longed for normalcy.

"How did you and Jill get into researching this subject?" I asked Ted as we walked along the natural path. He let out a bit of a chuckle and said, "Nobody initially declares they're going to end up a researcher of sasquatch. It has a way of evolving into an infatuation, and then you find yourself yearning for a means to earn sustainable income on the side while the cryptozoology takes priority." Based on my recent experience, I sensed my own obsession taking shape.

He and Jill had met many years earlier while volunteering for an orangutan care center in Thailand. A North American foundation sent Ted there for training that he would later utilize when a similar sanctuary opened in one of the southeastern states. The Australian government had sponsored Jill's trip for similar reasons. The colleagues spent much time together, and their admiration for one another grew.

Their mutual adoration of the orangutans made them a perfect match. The couple happily worked together for nearly a year before their stay ended. Ted and Jill returned to their home countries, hopeful but uncertain whether their relationship would remain. The distance almost instantaneously proved impossible, so they immediately discussed possibilities that would enable them to reunite.

Shortly after returning to the United States, Ted was contacted by a relative who resided in rural Washington regarding a peculiar

circumstance. She claimed to have glimpsed an odd-looking hominid around her property. I believe the relative was an older cousin who lived alone (I'll refer to her as Ruth). On numerous occasions, Ruth had spotted this creature lurking on her land, and the panic had provoked her to call the police to come and check things out.

The officers didn't find anything and began disregarding her regular calls. The alleged "false alarms" eventually slapped Ruth with a harsh ticket and a warning that any additional offenses could result in jail time. Therefore, she was discouraged from contacting the authorities again regarding the matter.

Word had eventually gotten to Ruth that Ted had experience working with apes. Despite not knowing how he would react, she contacted her younger cousin, for she felt she lacked an alternative strategy. Ted admitted that as much as he trusted Ruth, he couldn't help but feel skeptical. He thought maybe she was imagining the occurrence and even allowed himself to entertain the possibility that she had begun to develop dementia.

Either way, he decided it would be a good deed to make his way out there and at least help her to identify what was fueling Ruth's anxiety. Shortly after closing the book on his Thailand chapter, he went on a work hiatus, giving him the time to venture out to Washington. He experienced the phenomenon only a few hours after arriving. It was his first night at Ruth's residence.

Ruth resided on a relatively flat property of many acres, which previous owners used for various farming ventures. Dense woods enclosed it on all sides. Due to the vast amount of open land surrounding the main cottage, I suppose it would make sense that she would often spot the creatures within the perimeter of the woods.

The first sign of anything out of the ordinary came in the form of loud, mysterious calls that echoed from a distance. Ted admitted he had no expertise regarding the vocals of North American mammals. However, he identified that large primates created the noises, based on his education in Thailand. For obvious reasons, this seemed incredibly unlikely to Ted, who knew no primates were believed to reside in North America. Additionally, whatever this creature was, the overlapping bellows made it immediately evident that there was more than one within the region.

Ruth explained she had been dealing with these things intruding

on her property for years but never had the nerve to mention it to any of her relatives. Ted enjoyed his rare time with his cousin but admitted that he sometimes thought she was a bit kooky. She fixated on all things mystic and spiritual, which received chuckles from other family members. Ted's perception was that the repeated mocking had discouraged Ruth from mentioning the intrusive hominids to anyone she felt close to.

Even though she had never been harmed or touched by the creatures, she claimed that her anxiety was growing because they were getting closer to her regularly. What was once a phenomenon that she experienced only aurally, she eventually began to see them at a distance. As expected, those distant sightings slowly but steadily evolved into creatures peeping through windows. At times, they would even maintain prolonged eye contact with Ruth while she washed dishes and tended to other household chores. She claimed that grim energy had taken up permanent occupancy at the property and couldn't help but feel her days were numbered.

Ted and Ruth listened to what they assumed to be the creatures communicating, but it wasn't until he was in bed that night that he was awoken by tapping on the guestroom window. That was when he saw the species for the first time. Ted slowly rose from his bed, doing his best to tiptoe to the window before quickly pulling the curtain away. The moonlight was bright enough for him to make out the most peculiar facial features he had ever seen.

As many others say about their encounters, he described the face as a prime example of a cross between man and ape. But something about it prevented him from fully believing that's what it was. He couldn't help but stumble backward as he and the specimen locked eyes for the first time. It stared at him for a few seconds before leaping a few feet back, glancing at him for another moment, then vanishing into the surrounding woods.

Ted's theory was that the creature had either spotted him or had detected his unfamiliar scent when he had arrived at the property earlier in the day. It sounded like Ruth didn't have many visitors, so it's likely that the lurking creatures became quite curious when a human male entered the vicinity. Countless reported encounters have mentioned that the animals acted differently around men than women. Aggression is more common when human males are present during the encounters. It would be silly to dismiss the difference in testosterone levels between men and women. After all,

hormones provoke aggression in the animal kingdom.

For obvious reasons, Ted instantly grew sympathetic to Ruth and the consistent ridicule she had endured. He had always loved his cousin, but his respect for her quickly grew. It made him empathize with all the other sincere and concerned individuals mocked for sharing their encounters.

After a handful of days, it had become clear to Ted that the undocumented species was anything but mythical. His confidence in the legitimacy of the subject provoked him to encourage Jill to fly out to the location. He wanted her to witness the mystery for herself. It took an exasperating amount of self-control to prevent him from revealing the purpose to her before her arrival, but he was sure that no words could justify such a claim. She had to see it for herself.

Ted laughed as he told me about his tactic to convince her to take off from work and fly all the way out to the States. He said three simple words he hadn't yet said in their relationship: "I love you." That statement and his declaration of how much he had missed her were enough to convince her to pack her bags. It wasn't until later that he would learn that Jill had presumed that he was flying her out there so that he could propose.

Soon after arriving in Washington, Jill felt entranced by the same eye-opening experience that had astonished Ted less than a week earlier. Their joint fascination with the creatures had grown into an obsession, and it wasn't long before the couple had begun to tire of each of their respective professions. Ruth was more than grateful to have the couple around; it made her feel secure for the first time in years. She was happy to cover their living costs while they lived under her roof. The three of them got along quite well and quickly became a trio of investigators. They agreed that they would be the ones to acquire proof of the existence of the mysterious species and share it with the world.

They spent the next few months gathering as much evidence as possible. Although somewhat active during daylight hours, it became apparent that the creatures thrived at night. Ted believed the darkness boosted the predators' chances of remaining undetected while tracking deer—their favorite meal. With each day without confrontation, the trio grew more relaxed with the massive beings snooping around the property. Ted and Jill had to remind Ruth that no matter how docile the creatures seemed, they were

nevertheless unpredictable. That was a fact that they realized they ought never to forget. Even the strength of a smaller, hundred-pound orangutan is dangerous to a human.

However, despite the constant reminders, Ruth's faith in her spiritual teachings began dominating her perspective. As such, she treated "the wild ones" much differently than the science-endorsing couple. She believed these beings were angels she had somehow managed to attract to watch over her and the property. Ruth's emotional sensitivity dissuaded Ted and Jill from arguing against Ruth's beliefs. The couple continued approaching the subject with scientific protocol while ensuring they never disrespected the older woman.

One morning after the couple awoke, Jill discovered a handwritten note near the coffee pot. As Ted emerged from the bedroom, he immediately detected a panic in Jill's eyes.

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Chapter 7



Ted walked over to Jill and snatched the note from her. Ruth had ventured off on her own and said she didn't want them to come looking for her. She intended to capture video of her interactions with the elusive hominids. The couple started to devise a plan. Neither knew how many minutes or hours had passed since the older woman embarked on the reckless endeavor. Even if they knew of her whereabouts, Ruth's firearm aversion meant she had been defenseless against these intelligent apex predators since she left. Ever since Ted had been on the property, he had felt that the beings didn't care to enter the house. However, they had no idea how the creatures would react to a human intruding on their territory.

Jill questioned whether they should contact the sheriff, but Ted thought it would be unwise because of the conflict between Ruth and the department. They debated whether they ought to split up. If they trekked in different directions, they hoped one of them might catch up to Ruth before she could be harmed. However, that would undoubtedly expose them to danger. With binoculars in hand, the couple climbed onto the roof of the ranch house, desperately for some indication as to where the daring woman could've gone, but to no avail. They eventually concluded that the wisest approach would be to let the situation run its course. As much as it worried the couple, they felt forced to accept that Ruth was a grown woman capable of making her own choices.

Many more hours went by without any headway. The sun had begun setting, making the couple more paranoid. And, to make matters worse, neither Ted nor Jill spotted any sasquatch on or around the property that day. Sure, they didn't see the creatures daily, but the combination of the two circumstances brought about uncomfortable feelings. The couple stayed up through the night, but rather unsettlingly, neither heard any of the creatures' howls. It felt like the mysterious beings were preoccupied with something else. They eventually agreed to go looking if Ruth hadn't returned by sunrise.

Ted gazed upon the morning sun with a sense of helplessness as

Jill remained fast asleep with her head slumped on his shoulder. The couple spent the next few minutes gathering odds and ends. Jill stuffed their backpacks with whatever rations she could fit to prepare for the unpredictable journey ahead. They carefully reviewed a map to coordinate their searches. Jill had just finished securing the backpack strap around her torso when she claimed to have spotted an approaching figure through the kitchen window out of her peripheral.

Ruth slowly came into focus as she walked toward the house.

Chapter 8



Jill feverishly shouted for Ted as she ran from the kitchen to the closest door; she planned to help escort Ruth back inside. Ted quickly followed her out into the yard. The couple glanced in all directions, wildly looking for Ruth, but there was no sign of her. All they could hear was the breeze as it gently rustled through the leaves. Jill swore that she had just seen Ruth through the glass, and she quickly jogged back into the house, calling Ruth's name, but there was no response. Ted felt a light tap against his ankle as he peered into the woods. He quickly turned around to discover that a rogue gust had blown a straw hat up against him. That immediately got my attention, but I didn't want to interrupt Ted's story. It didn't take Ted long to recognize that this was the hat Ruth always wore while she was in the yard.

Jill came bursting outside, and the confused couple completed a few more laps around the house. However, they failed to locate anyone or any other significant items. There was *nothing*. Jill repeatedly said she had seen Ruth in the yard strolling toward the house. How could the hat have returned to the property without the owner? Ted was speechless. Tears welled in Jill's eyes as she attempted to make sense of it all.

The despairing couple spent the next few days corresponding with the local sheriff's department. They filed a missing person's report, and the authorities claimed they were doing everything possible to trace Ruth's tracks. The topic of "the wild ones" was never mentioned between the respected parties. It almost seemed there was a silent agreement that it was in everyone's best interest to let bygones be bygones.

The couple spent the next few days watching and listening as helicopters patrolled the sky, scouring the many miles of woodland that neighbored the isolated property. Ted and Jill received regular updates on the search via the landline phone, but there were never any leads on where the wandering woman could be. She had vanished without a trace. The days eventually turned into weeks, and hope steadily faded as Ted and Jill had no choice but to grow

accustomed to life without Ruth.

One rainy morning, Jill was scrambling eggs when there was a knock at the front door. Ted wasn't expecting any visitors. He glanced out the window and saw a police car parked in the driveway. The couple soon greeted a male and female officer wearing somber expressions and invited them inside. The four of them sat around the kitchen table as the officers apologetically disclosed that a hiker's dog had sniffed human remains while camping in the mountains. The samples had already been sent to the nearest lab for testing, but the authorities already established that they belonged to an elderly female. Unfortunately, there wasn't any way to be sure of the person's identity at that stage because DNA testing requires at least a few months to deliver extensive results. However, the small population of the region allowed for reasonable speculation. The officers suggested that Ruth had lost her way and died of starvation. Scavengers had claimed a sizeable portion of what was left. There wasn't enough of a body to be viewed by family, which prolonged the identification process.

Months had passed, and the officers' suspicions were confirmed. Ruth was officially gone. With a newfound lack of purpose, the couple debated their direction. Perhaps the most peculiar aspect of this grim period was that the creatures had seemingly disappeared from the region. There had been no sightings, tracks, or even sounds. It was almost as if the absence of Ruth had caused a lack of interest among the species. Typical migration patterns were considered, but it was impossible to ignore that all activity had ceased after Ruth departed.

Ted reflected upon how he had even arrived at this point. Initially, he planned a short visit with the genuine intention of catching up with a relative. Never had he expected to come face-to-face with a said to be mythical hominid, which had triggered a complete overhaul of his metaphysical worldview. After all, this awakening had persuaded both Ted and Jill to leave their positions at their respective places of employment. The cryptid research had taken priority over everything else, and it seemed erroneous to leave it all behind.

As luck would have it, the newly broke, unemployed couple received notice that Ruth had left them a substantial inheritance. She had also placed the deed to her property in their names. As a precaution, she must've secretly taken the time to arrange the will

before she ventured off all those months back. It wasn't a massive amount of money, but enough to allow the couple to proceed with their research. That was great news, but they were still unsure how to continue their research without "the wild ones."

Over the next few months, Ted and Jill focused on consolidating the already gathered data. Jill thought this would be a good distraction. They weren't ready to sell the house and move, as they were both still hoping the creatures would return. An entire year had passed since Ted arrived at the property, and his optimism had faded. A once enthralling habitat had become nothing more than a beautiful but useless location for the young couple to squander their days away.

Jill proposed searching for other locations where the species reportedly thrives. Ted was somewhat hesitant for more reasons than one. The move would require a bit of work. They would have no choice but to go through the hassle of trying to sell the property. Even with all the bureaucratic nonsense aside, they would need to rely primarily on rumors on the internet. It goes without saying that although there are many genuine accounts of sightings, the web is also plagued with numerous hoaxers and attention-seekers. In other words, the couple would take a shot in the dark by moving somewhere where people claim to have seen Bigfoot.

The stir-crazy couple ultimately reached the pragmatic agreement that they would briefly camp in areas that were renowned for sasquatch activity. This idea would work to their advantage because they could hire a realtor to show the property to potential buyers in their absence. Fortunately, all the time spent at Ruth's property gave them a good sense of recognizing whether sasquatch frequented an area.

The couple steered clear of destinations referred to as hotspots, as that notion would almost inevitably attract unprofessional tourist traffic. They found intel about the San Jacinto region after a few expeditions to the southern states. It wasn't necessarily the most talked about destination for bigfoot encounters, but several seemingly honest claims had been made. Aside from the enticing activity levels, they both immediately grew accustomed to their surroundings.

It also turned out they each possessed a romanticized fantasy of living within the isolated confines of the forest. Ruth's property was quickly sold to a family of experienced farmers. The grateful couple

had used a chunk of that money to purchase their cabin, marriage, and the attorney fees associated with Jill's immigration. Nearly three years had passed since they moved, and their appreciation for their environment had continued to evolve.

Ted had pretty much wrapped up the story as we reached the designated lookout. After peering through the binoculars toward my property, he lowered them slowly, appearing perplexed. Unease washed over me.

Chapter 9



What is it?" I asked Ted as I reached for his binoculars.

"You've had company," he said.

Upon looking through the pair of lenses, my eyes landed on yellow tape strung across both my driveway and the entry to the house where an intact sliding glass door had once stood. The property was far away, but the vibrancy of the lemon-colored yellow stuck out like a sore thumb against the backdrop of greenery and woods. Ted suggested that someone must've woken to the sound of my gunshot and called the police. Since I wasn't home to respond to the doorbell, the officers presumably went around back and caught sight of shattered glass, scattered furniture, and blood.

I was overcome with panic, as it now felt imperative that I speak to the authorities as soon as possible. I had been reluctant to contact them due to the peculiarity of the circumstance, but I felt desperate to prove that I wasn't guilty of anything illegal. I didn't need to vocalize my anxieties for Ted to get the point. He unlatched the walkie-talkie from his belt and radioed Jill. Ted instructed her to call the non-emergency number of the nearest police department and to inform them that I was willing to provide a statement detailing what had taken place the previous night. I listened as the couple agreed to drive me to my house once Ted and I returned to their property.

I had no idea what I was going to say in my statement. My gut told me that the more information I left out, the more suspicious I would sound. However, the authorities would likely think I was lying if I gave specific details. It was one of those moments where the reality of this bizarre situation began sinking in. I never would've anticipated I would have to confront these types of emotions. It didn't seem like all that long ago that I was living an ordinary life. Fast forward a few months, and I found myself fleeing from creepy hominids and figuring out how to convince the police that I didn't require psychiatric help. Where would anyone go for advice of this nature?

While heading down from the peak, Ted presented a relaxed

façade, which I knew was deliberately done to help me feel at ease. But I continued to feel very uncomfortable. There was something so human-like about the creature. Part of me questioned whether I had lodged a bullet in a beast or a man. The way Ted had talked about observing the species out in Washington suggested that he was dealing with a *tribe* instead of a *pack* or a *herd*.

I felt inclined to ask the guy if he had ever had to shoot one of the creatures, but I was restrained by the feeling that I didn't know him well enough. I'm sure that many people who've had their own encounters would understand. There are many accounts where hunters claim to have had a perfect shot at one of these creatures but a variety of human characteristics ultimately dissuaded them from pulling the trigger. The hunter will vouch that the thing was undoubtedly feral, but they also faced an underlying hunch that pulling that trigger would amount to murder. This dilemma has allegedly convinced numerous hunters to lower their weapons.

We had just arrived outside their house when Ted paused and turned to face me. "Try not to worry so much. I'm sure I don't need to tell you that many things in life are simply out of our control. All we can do is roll with the punches," he said before walking through the doorway to grab the car keys from the wall.

The three of us sat inside the SUV as we rode along the bumpy dirt paths before eventually progressing onto the main road to my property. I looked out the passenger side window to see ominous clouds forming above the tree line. The forecasted afternoon showers were about to arrive.

The yellow hazard tape soon appeared on the horizon, and it wasn't long before I found myself visually assessing my property for damages as we pulled into the driveway. As I exited the vehicle, I thanked Ted and Jill for saving my life and politely invited them inside for coffee. I was surprised they turned down the invitation, for I had assumed they would be interested to see if the creature had left behind any collectible samples. Something was off. Jill wore a nervous expression and avoided eye contact. Ted repeatedly glanced into the rearview mirror as if he was in anticipation of something. The energy in the car—which had been so reassuring only moments before—was suddenly awkward. None of it made sense to me.

After saying farewell, I headed toward the house. I nodded and waved at the couple in the car, but they avoided my gaze. The

vehicle didn't budge from the driveway. Instead, they just sat there with the engine still running.

A police car, closely trailed by what appeared to be an unmarked, dark grey patrol vehicle, leisurely pulled up and parked alongside the street near the start of the driveway. It then occurred to me that the couple must be sticking around because they intended to back up my account of the incident.

"Mr. Lyons?" a middle-aged man in a white, buttoned-up shirt paired with black slacks civilly called out of the car's window. He exited the unmarked vehicle and began to walk up the driveway. Another middle-aged police officer in uniform emerged from the other vehicle, following the lead of the first. I'll provide him with the alias of *Mr. Benson*.

After shaking my hand, he introduced me to the other gentleman; I'll henceforth refer to him as *Officer Fields*. I would've let both men in through the front door; however, seeing as how I didn't have my house key on me due to the frantic commotion of the previous night, the three of us had to walk around back and step through the gaping hole where the sliding doors once stood. I assumed that Ted and Jill would soon join us inside.

The officers confirmed my suspicion that someone had heard the gunshot in the middle of the night and notified the police. The neighborhood is sparsely occupied, so they were immediately drawn to my property. Broken furniture, other décor, and numerous drops of blood were all over the floor. It was a horrific sight. While carefully avoiding stepping on shards of glass, I moved the few still-intact objects to their rightful positions.

"Quite the fright you appear to have had," Officer Fields remarked while eyeing the damage. "I would expect this behavior from a malnourished grizzly, but seeing that we don't have them here in California, the only explanation is that it was a black bear. How large would you say the thing was?" Mr. Benson queried.

"Bear?" I said in disbelief. I couldn't help but sound dubious as I said the word.

"May I see your firearm permit?" Fields asked, interrupting the moment of silence. I walked to my safe, extracted the document, then handed it to the officer. I eyed him suspiciously as he adopted an interrogative tone. I wasn't sure whether to go along with the men's assessment or tell them the truth about what had occurred.

What really perplexed me was that these "professionals" had

assumed that any black bear, irrespective of its size, possessed the necessary strength to throw itself through a particularly thick glass door. It then dawned on me that I used my cellphone to snap a few photos of the abnormal footprints I had discovered in the front yard. Since I routinely placed my cell phone atop the nightstand near an outlet, I headed for my bedroom. The phone was gone. It wasn't one of those situations that people often have when misplacing objects.

I knew I hadn't taken the phone with me that previous night because I was not expecting to have to flee from the property. The only other slight possibility I could think of was that I might've left the device in the computer room after surfing the web. I was immediately startled after entering my home office. A bare desk lay before me. The computer—along with every associated cord and accessory—was gone. Considering that my home boasted a large hole in the wall, these missing items would be entirely understandable if I lived in a densely-populated city. However, Idyllwild was no overcrowded city, which was what had drawn me there in the first place.

I quickly rendezvoused with the officers and updated them that my possessions had been stolen overnight. The gentlemen disregarded the news, insinuating that missing property is to be expected any time a vacant home is left accessible. That pissed me off. Never mind that the computer containing so much data necessary for work had been taken; an anonymous individual now possessed a hard drive containing an overwhelming amount of my personal information. How the hell would anyone have been aware that my home was accessible within such a short timeframe?

I was reluctant to even mention the word sasquatch without the proof of the images of the prints; however, there was something so bothersome about the men repeatedly saying the word *bear* that I eventually lost my temper and insisted that this was not the work of a goddamned bear.

Out of sheer frustration, I advised the gentlemen to wait while I asked Ted and Jill to come inside and explain what we were dealing with. It reached a breaking point where I no longer cared what anyone else had to say. The fact of the matter was that this elusive species is extremely dangerous and that there *needs* to be more public light shed upon the subject, not just for my safety but for anyone who could potentially encounter them.

I was dismayed when I saw through the large window near the front door that Ted and Jill's vehicle was no longer in the driveway. I also hadn't even obtained a phone number to call them in front of Benson and Fields.

"Could you do me a favor and contact the woman who dropped me off?" I requested of the men. "I need her and her husband to run some things by you."

"I don't think that's going to happen," Officer Fields replied sternly. "The young woman informed us that you were exhibiting worrisome behavior after trespassing on their property."

I stared at the men, wide-eyed, speechless.

"The couple informed us that you displayed signs of instability or what could perhaps be a mental disorder. After recognizing that you were wielding a firearm, they nervously went along with your suggestion that you were fleeing from a wild animal that aggressively invaded your home. Once you seemed to have calmed down a bit, Jill kindly suggested that they drive you home and help to ensure that the animal had left so that you could safely reenter your house," Mr. Benson said.

With my heart pounding, I couldn't help but pace back and forth as I attempted to comprehend what they told me. Over the shoulders of the gentlemen and through the space where the sliding door once stood, I caught sight of an entity standing on my balcony. An older woman wearing a straw hat smiled at me.

To be continued.

Conclusion



Thanks for reading the first installment in my series. Read the sequel- [*LIVING AMONG BIGFOOT: MYSTERIOUS MOTIVES*](#). You can also purchase the NEW [*LIVING AMONG BIGFOOT: VOLUMES 1-5 \(COLLECTOR'S EDITION\)*](#), so you get the first five books at a discounted price!



Author's Note



Before you go, I'd like to say "thank you" for purchasing this book.

I know you had various cryptid-related books to choose from, but you took a chance at my content.

Therefore, thanks for reading this one and sticking with it to the last page.

At this point, I'd like to ask you for a *tiny* favor; it would mean the world if you could submit a review where you purchased this book.

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Feel free to follow/reach out to me with questions or concerns on either Instagram or Twitter! I will do my best to follow back and respond to all comments.

Instagram:

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About the Author



A simple man at heart, Tom Lyons lived an ordinary existence for his first 52 years. Native to the great state of Wisconsin, he went through the motions of everyday life, residing near his family and developing a successful online business. The world he once knew would completely change shortly after moving out west, where he was confronted by the allegedly mythical species known as Bigfoot.

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